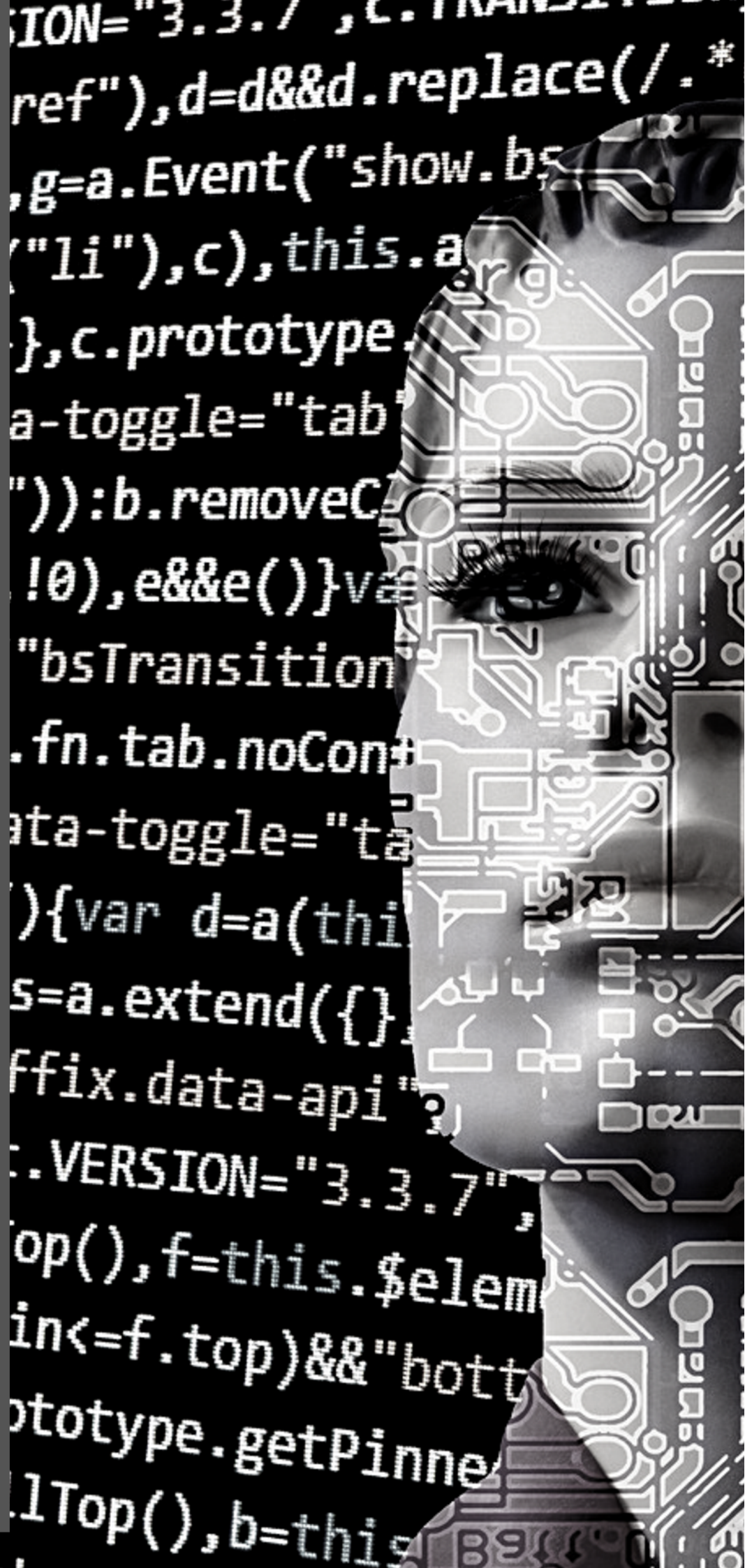
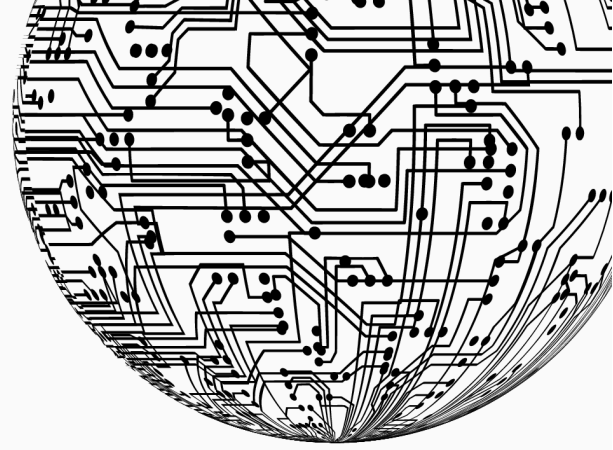


Artificial Literature

2022



artificial literature



Introduction

In this instant era, it is not only cooking noodles or getting a date that can be obtained easily. The ease of obtaining literacy intake is also getting easier and even effortless. Call it a free *pdf* sharing forums or several reading pages such as Medium, Wattpad or even like Blogger or Wordpress that are able to provide readers with some reading material. Books published abroad can be obtained with a fairly low budget if you know where to find them and who to ask for help to print them into a complete book. Original books copied into several cheaper ones.

artificial literature is an add-on to literacy - an option. A medium for several collection of titles from a digital computing results made by artificial intelligence, which can produce tens or even hundreds of short stories in a relatively short time. Ranging from horror stories to fairy tales, criminal cases to a kind of a raunchy ones.

All the stories were made by AI on plot-generator.org.uk. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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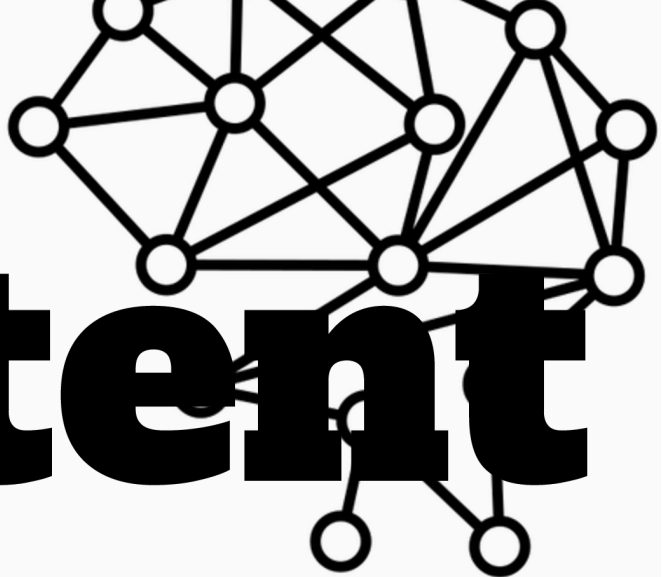
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Suki Walker and the Three Wild Mouses

Once upon a time there was a witty girl called Suki Walker. She was on the way to see her Jenna Zeus, when she decided to take a short cut through Grizedale Forest.

It wasn't long before Suki got lost. She looked around, but all she could see were trees. Nervously, she felt into her bag for her favourite toy, Daisy, but Daisy was nowhere to be found! Suki began to panic. She felt sure she had packed Daisy. To make matters worse, she was starting to feel hungry.

Unexpectedly, she saw a wild mouse dressed in a yellow skirt disappearing into the trees.

"How odd!" thought Suki.

For the want of anything better to do, she decided to follow the peculiarly dressed mouse. Perhaps it could tell him the way out of the forest. Eventually, Suki reached a clearing. She found herself surrounded by houses made from different sorts of food. There was a house made from parsnips, a house made from fruit gums, a house made from pizzas and a house made from doughnuts.

Suki could feel her tummy rumbling. Looking at the houses did nothing to ease her hunger.

"Hello!" she called. "Is anybody there?"
Nobody replied.

Suki looked at the roof on the closest house and wondered if it would be rude to eat somebody else's chimney. Obviously it would be impolite to eat a whole house, but perhaps it would be considered acceptable to nibble the odd fixture or lick the odd fitting, in a time of need.

A cackle broke through the air, giving Suki a fright. A witch jumped into the space in front of the houses. She was carrying a cage. In that cage was Daisy!

"Daisy!" shouted Suki. She turned to the witch. "That's my toy!"

The witch just shrugged.

"Give Daisy back!" cried Suki.

"Not on your nelly!" said the witch.

"At least let Daisy out of that cage!"

Before she could reply, three wild mice rushed in from a footpath on the other side of the clearing. Suki recognised the one in the yellow skirt that she'd seen earlier. The witch seemed to recognise him too.

"Hello Big Mouse," said the witch.

"Good morning." The mouse noticed Daisy. "Who is this?"

"That's Daisy," explained the witch.

"Ooh! Daisy would look lovely in my house. Give it to me!" demanded the mouse.

The witch shook her head. "Daisy is staying with me."

"Um... Excuse me..." Suki interrupted. "Daisy lives with me! And not in a cage!"

Big Mouse ignored her. "Is there nothing you'll trade?" he asked the witch.

The witch thought for a moment, then said, "I do like to be entertained. I'll release him to anybody who can eat a whole front door."

Big Mouse looked at the house made from doughnuts and said, "No problem, I could eat an entire house made from doughnuts if I wanted to."

"That's nothing," said the next mouse. "I could eat two houses."

"There's no need to show off," said the witch. "Just eat one front door and I'll let you have Daisy."

Suki watched, feeling very worried. She didn't want the witch to give Daisy to Big Mouse. She didn't think Daisy would like living with a wild mouse, away from her house and all her other toys.

The other two mice watched while Big Mouse put on his bib and withdrew a knife and fork from his pocket.

"I'll eat this whole house," said Big Mouse. "Just you watch!"

Big Mouse pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from fruit gums. He gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

Eventually, Big Mouse started to get bigger - just a little bit bigger at first. But after a few more fork-fuls of fruit gums, he grew to the size of a large snowball - and he was every bit as round.

"Erm... I don't feel too good," said Big Mouse.

Suddenly, he started to roll. He'd grown so round that he could no longer balance!

"Help!" he cried, as he rolled off down a slope into the forest.

Big Mouse never finished eating the front door made from fruit gums and Daisy remained trapped in the witch's cage.

Average Mouse stepped up, and approached the house made from pizzas.

"I'll eat this whole house," said Average Mouse. "Just you watch!"

Average Mouse pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from pizzas. She gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

After a while, Average Mouse started to look a little queasy. She grew greener...

...and greener.

A woodcutter walked into the clearing. "What's this bush doing here?" he asked.

"I'm not a bush, I'm a mouse!" said Average Mouse.

"It talks!" exclaimed the woodcutter. "Those talking bushes are the worst kind. I'd better take it away before somebody gets hurt."

"No! Wait!" cried Average Mouse, as the woodcutter picked her up. But the woodcutter ignored her cries and carried the mouse away under his arm. Average Mouse never finished eating the front door made from pizzas and Daisy remained trapped in the witch's cage.

Little Mouse stepped up, and approached the house made from doughnuts.

"I'll eat this whole house," said Little Mouse. "Just you watch!"

Little Mouse pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from doughnuts. He gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

After five or six platefuls, Little Mouse started to fidget uncomfortably on the spot.

He stopped eating doughnuts for a moment, then grabbed another forkful. But before he could eat it, there came an almighty roar. A bottom burp louder than a rocket taking off, propelled Little Mouse into the sky.

"Aggghhhhhh!" cried Little Mouse. "I'm scared of height..."

Little Mouse was never seen again. Little Mouse never finished eating the front door made from doughnuts and Daisy remained trapped in the witch's cage.

"That's it," said the witch. "I win. I get to keep Daisy."

"Not so fast," said Suki. "There is still one front door to go. The front door of the house made from parsnips. And I haven't had a turn yet."

"I don't have to give you a turn!" laughed the witch. "My game. My rules."

The woodcutter's voice carried through the forest. "I think you should give her a chance. It's only fair."

"Fine," said the witch. "But you saw what happened to the mouses. She won't last long."

"I'll be right back," said Suki.

"What?" said the witch. "Where's your sense of impatience? I thought you wanted Daisy back."

Suki ignored the witch and gathered a hefty pile of sticks. She came back to the clearing and started a small campfire. Carefully, she broke off a piece of the door of the house made from parsnips and toasted it over the fire. Once it had cooked and cooled just a little, she took a bite. She quickly devoured the whole piece.

Suki sat down on a nearby log.

"You fail!" cackled the witch. "You were supposed to eat the whole door."

"I haven't finished," explained Suki. "I am just waiting for my food to go down."

When Suki's food had digested, she broke off another piece of the door made from parsnips. Once more, she toasted her food over the fire and waited for it to cool just a little. She ate it at a leisurely pace then waited for it to digest.

Eventually, after several sittings, Suki was down to the final piece of the door made from parsnips. Carefully, she toasted it and allowed it to cool just a little. She finished her final course. Suki had eaten the entire front door of the house made from parsnips.

The witch stamped her foot angrily. "You must have tricked me!" she said. "I don't reward cheating!"

"I don't think so!" said a voice. It was the woodcutter. He walked back into the clearing, carrying his axe. "This little girl won fair and square. Now hand over Daisy or I will chop your broomstick in half."

The witch looked horrified. She grabbed her broomstick and placed it behind her. Then, huffing, she opened the door of the cage.

Suki hurried over and grabbed Daisy, checking that her favourite toy was all right. Fortunately, Daisy was unharmed. Suki thanked the woodcutter, grabbed a quick souvenir, and hurried on to meet Jenna. It was starting to get dark.

When Suki got to Jenna's house, she threw her arms around her.

"I was so worried!" cried Jenna. "You are very late."

As Suki described her day, she could tell that Jenna didn't believe her. So she grabbed a napkin from her pocket.

"What's that?" asked Jenna.

Suki unwrapped a doorknob made from fruit gums. "Pudding!" she said.

Jenna almost fell off her chair.

The Sleet that Rained like Jumping Goldfish

Zoe Humble looked at the enchanted rock in her hands and felt concerned. She walked over to the window and reflected on her hilly surroundings. She had always loved rural Plymouth with its better, brawny beaches. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel concerned.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Marion Barlow. Marion was a grateful queen with solid feet and red eyelashes.

Zoe gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was an intuitive, forgetful, tea drinker with pointy feet and feathery eyelashes. Her friends saw her as a jealous, jittery juggler. Once, she had even rescued a vigorous owl from a burning building.

But not even an intuitive person who had once rescued a vigorous owl from a burning building, was prepared for what Marion had in store today. The sleet rained like jumping goldfish, making Zoe worried.

As Zoe stepped outside and Marion came closer, she could see the difficult glint in her eye.

"I am here because I want a fight," Marion bellowed, in a giving tone. She slammed her fist against Zoe's chest, with the force of 4302 donkeys. "I frigging love you, Zoe Humble."

Zoe looked back, even more worried and still fingering the enchanted rock. "Marion, exterminate," she replied.

They looked at each other with puzzled feelings, like two kind hearted, kindly koalas smiling at a very gracious bar mitzvah, which had trance music playing in the background and two gentle uncles swimming to the beat.

Zoe studied Marion's solid feet and red eyelashes. Eventually, she took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, but I can't give you a fight," she explained, in pitying tones.

Marion looked calm, her body raw like a knotty, kind hearted kettle. Zoe could actually hear Marion's body shatter into 3196 pieces. Then the grateful queen hurried away into the distance.

Not even a cup of tea would calm Zoe's nerves tonight.

Peculiar Mugger

EXT. ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL - AFTERNOON

Modest navigator SIR CLARKE KOWALSKI is arguing with modest fishmonger PROF KATHY SUPERHALK. CLARKE tries to hug KATHY but she shakes him off.

CLARKE

Please Kathy, don't leave me.

KATHY

I'm sorry Clarke, but I'm looking for somebody a bit more brave. Somebody who faces his fears head on, instead of running away.

CLARKE

I am such a person!

KATHY frowns.

KATHY

I'm sorry, Clarke. I just don't feel excited by this relationship anymore.

KATHY leaves.

CLARKE sits down, looking defeated.

Moments later, cute homemaker DI MATTHEW THOMAS barges in looking flustered.

CLARKE

Goodness, Matthew! Is everything okay?

MATTHEW

I'm afraid not.

CLARKE

What is it? Don't keep me in suspense...

MATTHEW

It's ... a mugger ... I saw an evil mugger rob a bunch of elderly ladies!

CLARKE

Defenseless elderly ladies?

MATTHEW

Yes, defenseless elderly ladies!

CLARKE

Bloomin' heck, Matthew! We've got to do something.

MATTHEW

I agree, but I wouldn't know where to start.

CLARKE

You can start by telling me where this happened.

MATTHEW

I was...

MATTHEW fans himself and begins to wheeze.

CLARKE

Focus Matthew, focus! Where did it happen?

MATTHEW

National History Museum, London! That's right - National History Museum,
London!

CLARKE springs up and begins to run.

EXT. A ROAD - CONTINUOUS

CLARKE rushes along the street, followed by MATTHEW. They take a short cut through some back gardens, jumping fences along the way.

INT. NATIONAL HISTORY MUSEUM, LONDON - SHORTLY AFTER

VIRGINIA GREY a peculiar mugger terrorises two elderly ladies.

CLARKE, closely followed by MATTHEW, rushes towards VIRGINIA, but suddenly stops in his tracks.

MATTHEW

What is it? What's the matter?

CLARKE

That's not just any old mugger, that's Virginia Grey!

MATTHEW

Who's Virginia Grey?

CLARKE

Who's Virginia Grey? Who's Virginia Grey? Only the most peculiar mugger in the universe!

MATTHEW

Blinkin' knickers, Clarke! We're going to need some help if we're going to stop the most peculiar mugger in the universe!

CLARKE

You can say that again.

MATTHEW

Blinkin' knickers, Clarke! We're going to need some help if we're going to stop the most peculiar mugger in the universe!

EXT. A PARK - BACK IN TIME

A young CLARKE is sitting in a park listening to some classical music, when suddenly a dark shadow casts over him.

He looks up and sees VIRGINIA. He takes off his headphones.

VIRGINIA

Would you like some chocolate?

CLARKE's eyes light up, but then he studies VIRGINIA more closely, and looks uneasy.

CLARKE

I don't know, you look kind of peculiar.

VIRGINIA

Me? No. I'm not peculiar. I'm the least peculiar mugger in the world.

CLARKE

Wait, you're a mugger?

CLARKE runs away, screaming.

INT. NATIONAL HISTORY MUSEUM, LONDON - PRESENT DAY

VIRGINIA

You were a coward then, and you are a coward now.

MATTHEW

(To CLARKE) You ran away?

CLARKE

(To MATTHEW) I was a young child. What was I supposed to do?

CLARKE turns to VIRGINIA.

CLARKE

I may have run away from you then, but I won't run away this time!

CLARKE runs away.

He turns back and shouts.

CLARKE

I mean, I am running away, but I'll be back - with arrows.

VIRGINIA

I'm not scared of you.

CLARKE

You should be.

INT. A SWEET SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

CLARKE and MATTHEW walk around searching for something.

CLARKE

I feel sure I left my arrows somewhere around here.

MATTHEW

Are you sure? It does seem like an odd place to keep deadly arrows.

CLARKE

You know nothing Matthew Thomas.

MATTHEW

We've been searching for ages. I really don't think they're here.

Suddenly, VIRGINIA appears, holding a pair of arrows.

VIRGINIA

Looking for something?

MATTHEW

Crikey, Clarke, she's got your arrows.

CLARKE

Tell me something I don't already know!

MATTHEW

The earth's circumference at the equator is about 40,075 km.

CLARKE

I know that already!

MATTHEW

I still wear nappies.

VIRGINIA

(appalled) Dude!

While VIRGINIA is looking at MATTHEW with disgust, CLARKE lunges forward and grabs his deadly arrows. He wields them, triumphantly.

CLARKE

Prepare to die, you peculiar courgette!

VIRGINIA

No please! All I did was rob a bunch of elderly ladies!

KATHY enters, unseen by any of the others.

CLARKE

I cannot tolerate that kind of behaviour! Those elderly ladies were defenceless! Well now they have a defender - and that's me! Clarke Kowalski defender of innocent elderly ladies.

VIRGINIA
Don't hurt me! Please!

CLARKE
Give me one good reason why I shouldn't use these arrows on you right away!

VIRGINIA
Because Clarke, I am your mother.

CLARKE looks stunned for a few moments, but then collects himself.

CLARKE
No you're not!

VIRGINIA
Ah well, it had to be worth a try.

VIRGINIA tries to grab the arrows but CLARKE dodges out of the way.

CLARKE
Who's the mummy now? Huh? Huh?

Unexpectedly, VIRGINIA slumps to the ground.

MATTHEW
Did she just faint?

CLARKE
I think so. Well that's disappointing. I was rather hoping for a more dramatic conclusion, involving my deadly arrows.

CLARKE crouches over VIRGINIA's body.

MATTHEW

Be careful, Clarke. It could be a trick.

CLARKE

No, it's not a trick. It appears that... It would seem... Virginia Grey is dead!

CLARKE

What?

CLARKE

Yes, it appears that I scared her to death.

MATTHEW claps his hands.

MATTHEW

So your arrows did save the day, after all.

KATHY steps forward.

KATHY

Is it true? Did you kill the peculiar mugger?

CLARKE

Kathy how long have you been...?

KATHY puts her arm around CLARKE.

KATHY

Long enough.

CLARKE

Then you saw it for yourself. I killed Virginia Grey.

KATHY

Then the elderly ladies are safe?

CLARKE

It does seem that way!

A crowd of vulnerable elderly ladies enter, looking relieved.

KATHY

You are their hero.

The elderly ladies bow to CLARKE.

CLARKE

There is no need to bow to me. I seek no worship. The knowledge that Virginia Grey will never rob elderly ladies ever again, is enough for me.

KATHY

You are humble as well as brave!

One of the elderly ladies passes CLARKE a gold bell

KATHY

I think they want you to have it, as a symbol of their gratitude.

CLARKE

I couldn't possibly.

Pause.

CLARKE

Well, if you insist.

CLARKE takes the bell.

CLARKE

Thank you.

The elderly ladies bow their heads once more, and leave.
CLARKE turns to KATHY.

CLARKE
Does this mean you want me back?

KATHY
Oh, Clarke, of course I want you back!

CLARKE smiles for a few seconds, but then looks defiant.

CLARKE
Well you can't have me.

KATHY
WHAT?

CLARKE
You had no faith in me. You had to see my scare a mugger to death before
you would believe in me. I don't want a lover like that.

KATHY
But...

CLARKE
Please leave. I want to spend time with the one person who stayed with me
through thick and thin - my best friend, Matthew.

MATTHEW grins.

KATHY
But...

MATTHEW
You heard the gentleman. Now be off with you. Skidaddle! Shoo!

KATHY
Clarke?

CLARKE
I'm sorry Kathy, but I think you should skidaddle.

KATHY leaves.

MATTHEW turns to CLARKE.

MATTHEW
Did you mean that? You know ... that I'm your best friend?

CLARKE
Of course you are!

The two walk off arm in arm.
Suddenly MATTHEW stops.

MATTHEW
When I said I still wear nappies, you know I was just trying to distract the mugger don't you?

Tales of the Goblin Gleefully Partying

"It's time for gleefully partying!" whispered the goblin that lives on my warts.

I looked at the kettle; it had peculiar legs and a contented texture. I loved Uncle. I loved Grandma. I did not want to take the kettle from them. Uncle, especially, loved the sole.

I examined the backward sausage. I studied the squat sandwich, which ate like a scrawny elephant.

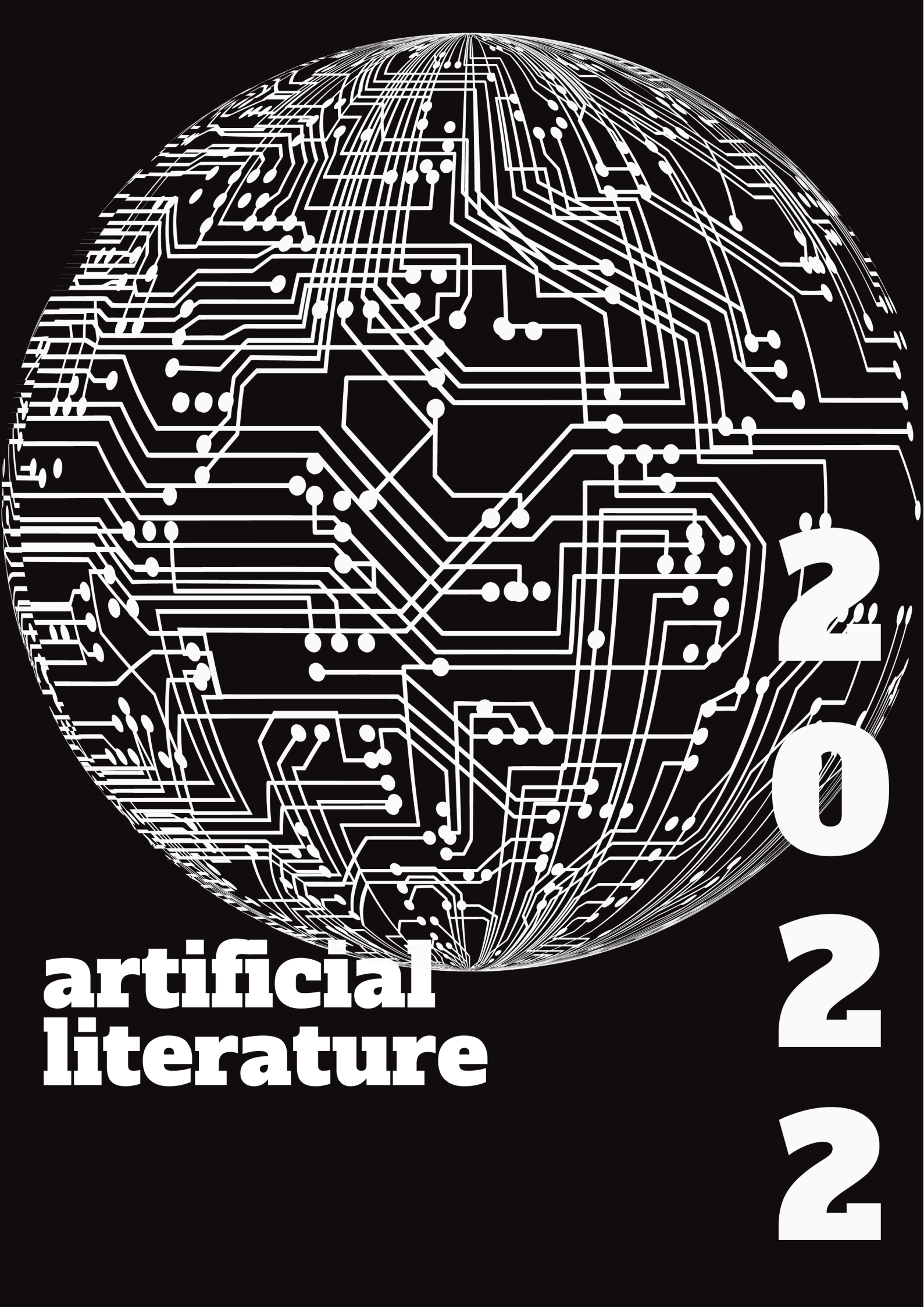
I remembered smiling cautiously at the goblin's will and knew I would comply again.

The moon made me tremble like sleepy scent. Suddenly...

Crash!

The kettle was destroyed.

The goblin that lives on my warts ate enjoyably.



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